

## DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

**A**N undergraduate of Oxford was taking a detachment of strangers round to see the sights, and, when he had exhausted the chapels and cloistered shades, he brought them into the quadrangle of his own college. "There is only one thing left for you to see," he said. "Look there: this is the window of my college tutor." As the young man spoke, he picked up a pebble from the path and sent it crashing through the pane of glass. An elderly gentleman, in cap and gown, put his head out and shook his fist. "I thought that would bring him out," exclaimed the undergraduate in triumph: "that, ladies and gentlemen, is my tutor himself."—*Ex.*

Prof. Pol. Sc.—Mr. H-go, what economic function is filled by a Governor-General?

M. H-go—Oh, he is a handy man to have around at semi-centens.

We clip the following from the *Knox College Monthly*:

IMPORTANT NOTICE  
To the Professors and Students of Knox College.  
Electro-plated Ware,  
Engagement and Wedding Rings,  
Wedding Presents.  
All new goods at wholesale rates.

Prof.—What is the relation between Jr. and Sr. Physics?  
Senior—One of degree.

## RECOMMENDATION FOR NEXT CALENDAR.

"The Senate recommends that all students intending to take Jr. Physics should first pursue the Honor courses in Mathematics and Chemistry."

N.B.—"No student taking Jr. Physics will be allowed to take any other class the same session, as in the opinion of the Senate his whole time should be devoted to this subject." By order. MEMBERS OF JR. PHYSICS.

Prof. of Philosophy to Baker—As usual, you're late. Did you hear what I said?

Baker (waking from a reverie)—I'm here now.

Prof. of English to Davis—Will you describe Satan?

Davis—I don't know where to find him.

## CARD OF THANKS.

Since you gave voice to my wrongs in the last issue of your valuable journal, the nuisance complained of has been removed. The children do not now frequent the parlor and the coast is clear. I thank you for this.

Prof. McNaughton to his class—Well, good-bye; I hope you will spend a pleasant summer and that I shall have the pleasure of meeting you here again next year.

Chorus of prospective plucks—Woe is me! *me genoito.*

## PILING OSSA ON PELION.

Why dost thou wear, Clarice, that diamond star,  
When even they that nightly stud the skies  
In brilliance equal not, no, not by far,  
The jewels nature gave thee in thine eyes?

Prof. to Wilkie—Name the Aristolelian principles.

Wilkie—That's against my principles.

Them's my principles, too.—Rollins.

After puzzling over it for some time a senior translated the motto, *Deo et Patria*: "By gosh we're patriots."

Prof.—"Are you prepared this morning, Mr. ———?"

Junior—"Yes, sir; kind of prepared."

Prof.—"Please explain what you mean by 'kind of prepared.'"

Junior—"Well, I thought that between myself and yourself we might make a recitation."

Prof.—"That will do, thanks."

—*University Mirror.*

## WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

It takes patience to answer questions.—[Charley O'Connor.

Kirkpatrick—Prof., is June bugs bred by miskeeters?

Prof. of Chemistry to Smellie—Do you see anything green here?

Kunnie to Prof. of Philosophy—Did Aristotle say that time made the world?

Oh, the horrid thing!—[A lady student viewing vivisection.

I guess I have a good show for the scholarship in physics, ha-ha-ha.—[W. D. Wilkie.

Diplomas in Histology for sale cheap. Price 50 cents. Office hours 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.—[F. J. McCammon.

The exams are tough and humble us. "Knowledge puffeth up," perhaps, but the published results of exams don't usually.—[The Boys.

I shall not have the pleasure of plucking any of you in the spring.—[Prof. of History.

May the others Profs be the same.—[The Boys.

I'm to be stationed in Toronto, I find. I'll astonish the Queen City by my powers in the pulpit.—[Chas. Daly.

Who's seen my hat, that relic of old decency?—[A Divinity.

The exigencies of rhyme forced me to make "chance" rhyme with "moustache" in my immortal ode. I did not know there would be any trouble about it.—[J. W. M-h-d.

Why, you see how it was. Some one abstracted my hat from the cloak-room, and, as you know, the frost always affects the softest, tenderest spot, you can imagine how my head felt as I wandered homewards hatless. That is why I sing so heartily "O, where did you get that hat?" Such things never occur in Scotland.—[J. W. McLean.